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**HAYES AND WHEELER.**  
BY A LADY.

The man whom old Diogenes

Sought in the ancient days

Is found in this Centennial year

In Rutherford B. Hayes.

We sought for honest truthfulness,

Freedom's divine revelation,

And found it too. Then three times three,

Hurrah for Hayes and Wheeler!

Deep 'mid the mammoth-tainted crowd

We searched in many ways

To find our man. Ah! shout it loud!

Hurrah! hurrah! for Hayes!

And he who travels by his side,

Corruption's true repealer,

Is known and honored far and wide,

Our wise and honest Wheeler.

Out of the darkness and the doubt

We see the truth's bright rays,

And feel that we can safely shout

The unsullied name of Hayes.

We feel that we in each shall find

A true and honest dealer,

To lead the uncorrupted mind—

Three cheers for Hayes and Wheeler.

Far on the seashore and the plain,

And through the mountain maze,

The honest voice shall ring again,

Hurrah! hurrah! for Hayes!

And everywhere, by land and sea,

The patriot's true annals,

Linked with the other, full and free,

Shall ring the name of Wheeler.

We're needing honest, faithful men;

No friend of Tweed's we praise;

Rings and time-serving—down again,

You cannot dwell with Hayes.

And all the dark, one-sided tricks

Will find a firm counterpoise—

Changed to a form you cannot mix

When handled once by Wheeler.

Then shout the names, boys, shout them strong,

Of him who will not gaze

On dark corruption, fraud, or wrong,

The honest name of Hayes;

Of him who never yet was found

Of guile a base concealer,

Let the glad tocsin joyful sound

Hurrah for Hayes and Wheeler!

Of him who never yet for gold

A brother, friend betrays,

Whose honor is not bought or sold,

The strong, brave name of Hayes—

Of him who still to Wisdom's voice

And Truth's a high appeal,

Will make the Nation's Heart rejoice

Hurrah for Hayes and Wheeler.

The dog law, the low fence law,

The Bond ring, and general thiev-  
ery, is what the Democracy have

to shoulder in this race.

Who would have ever thought

that the Democratic party would

ever run a carpet-bagger or a col-  
ored man for office? Just look at

it, there is Chambers of North

Carolina, and Yardley colored.

Chambers the Democratic can-  
didate for Senator is lately from

North Carolina, and is a carpet-  
bagger; Jim Bradford is a native

of Polk county and is no "carpet-  
bagger." Which will you vote for?

Jake Thornburg is rapping his  
opponent over the head rather se-  
verely. Cullom has a good char-  
acter of a "reform Democrat"—  
That of having swindled the Gov-  
ernment out of several thousand  
dollars when he was in Congress  
before.

If John Clemenston comes  
around Cleveland making "Dem-  
ocratic reform speeches," he will  
probably have a chance to tell  
how it was he went to the Legis-  
lature a poor man, and stayed sev-  
enty days, and returned home  
and bought two thousand dollars  
worth of house furniture and a  
fine span of horses and a high top  
buggy.

**Colorado.**  
This noble little State has re-  
deemed itself again. It goes Re-  
publican by two thousand—elect-  
ing the Legislature by two thirds,  
which Legislature elects the elec-  
tors to vote for President. This  
insures Hayes & Wheeler of three  
more votes than was expected.

Let the common people every-  
where regardless of politics work  
for the election of Bradford and  
Dowell. They don't represent  
any bonded aristocracy—but they  
do represent the common people.

While at Athens last week we  
called at the Silver-smith shop of  
Mr. A. J. Reams, late of this  
place, and found him hard at work.  
Mr. Reams is a good workman,  
and those Athens folks will be  
pleased with him, and will find  
every inch of him to be that of a  
high-toned gentleman. We wish  
him much success.

**An Application for Pardon,  
and the Grounds Thereof.**

We have been furnished with

the following copy of an applica-  
tion said to have been sent to

Governor Porter, for pardon. The

document explains itself:

"KNOXVILLE, TENN., Oct. 3, 1876.

To his Excellency, James D. Porter,  
Governor of Tennessee:

Sir—I am a humble and un-  
fortunate citizen of Tennessee,

and a Democrat. From my infancy

I have been taught to admire the

leaders of the Democratic party,

and especially those high in au-  
thority. All the lessons of my

life had taught me that the Gov-  
ernor of a State would demean

himself as became a gentleman;  
and do not act unworthy of a pa-  
triotic citizen, taking as an exam-  
ple worthy of imitation. As I

have said, "I am a Democrat." And it would be useless for one

to say that all "good Democrats" have prided themselves in your

Excellency, ever ready to declare that your "acts are worthy of all

acceptation and imitation." So you see, I read your "Ben Aquia"

speech, and it just so happened that a neighbor of mine, one John

Johnson, had said that "as be-  
tween sheep and the dogs, he was

for sheep; but as between the dogs and Democrats, he was for the

dogs." Of course I sought an opportunity to denounce him

for this utterance. True, he had said it in a private place, and in a

judicious sense, but my Democrati-  
c heart was big with wrath—too

much as to what course I should pursue, as Johnson was a bigger

man than I am, and he carried a large walking-cane. In the course

of time, however, I read an ac-  
count of your "controversy" with

Thomas at Shelbyville. I at once saw my way clear. I knew the

Governor of the State was sworn to "faithfully execute the laws,"

and that although Judges had told the juries that no citizen had

a right to carry a pistol secreted about his person, still they were

only trying to fool somebody, or have such fools themselves as to

believe the right of the people to carry pistols had been taken

away, and thus one of the very strongest Democratic arguments

destroyed, for of course you, the Governor, would not violate the

law—I say of course not. I suppose the pistol law applied only to

niggers and Radicals. Having as I have said, read an account of

what you "said" and "did" at Shelbyville, I at once procured

a good pistol, and proceeded to hunt up the aforesaid John

Johnson, and "denounced him as infamous" for making the aforesaid

remark about the Democrats and dogs. He tried to explain out of the matter. But, as

you would naturally suppose, this made me press him the harder.

Finally, after I refused to accept his explanation, he grew im-  
patient and said my "strictures were

maliciously false," whereupon of course I told him he was a "liar,"

at which "he reached for his walking-cane," and I drew my

pistol from my overcoat pocket, and told him "if he struck me

with his stick," I would "shoot him on the spot."

And for this sir, I have been indicted in a Radical court, tried by

a Radical jury; and here I am, in a Democratic work-house—

for carrying a pistol. And to add intensity to the punishment here,

the officers and Radicals, thus violating our right of a majority to rule—for we Dem-o crats are in a

majority.

Now, I insist they have no more right to punish me in this matter,

than they have to punish your Excellency for carrying the pistol

with which you vindicated the Democratic party, and your own

personal honor from the unwar-  
ranted attack of Thomas, and with

which, of course, you intend, to make Ethridge submit to be "de-

nounced as infamous" when you go to Memphis for that purpose.

Of course you would not have violated the law by carrying a pis-  
tol; and of course I would not

have thought of carrying a pistol with which to answer these argu-  
ments against the cherished

character of my party, if I had not followed you example.

In consideration of the premises, I now ask that your Excellency

extend to me that clemency that is so fully foreshadowed by your

own conduct, by granting me an unconditional pardon, so I

may be at the election to bully niggers and to bribe mean white

men, and thus contribute to swell the vote for Tilden, Porter, and

reform.

Yours in great hope,  
AZARIAH BURYAN.

The Russian Government will allow no Protestant mission to be established within its dominions.

**Our Centennial Letter.**  
PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 1st, 1876.

EDITOR OF HERALD:

I arrived here on Thursday evening and soon found myself com-  
fortably quartered at 509 Race

street. I made several halts on the road. First, I stopped at Bristol,

and I confess that although Bristol is in the border of our own

East Tennessee, I knew, comparatively, nothing about the place.

It has about 3,500 inhabitants, and when compared to Cleveland,

is nothing like as handsome a sight—being rough and hilly. Neither is it up with

Cleveland in the way of fine residences; and as to mud—there is

scarcely a respectable side walk in Bristol. But when this is said

all the bad is told; for in business and general enterprise it certainly

far outstrips Cleveland. Bristol has two fine woolen mills and

several other mills and factories, including two or three tobacco

factories. One of the latter, I learned, pays a revenue to the

government of \$250 daily.

There was a grand rally of the Democracy of Virginia and Ten-  
nessee on Monday and a large au-

diences was addressed in the afternoon by speakers from both

States, including McKinney, of Knoxville, and Maj. Daniel, of

Lynchburg. The latter created quite a sensation by his splendid

oratory. The exercises ended with a torch-light procession, and

here I would remark to the credit of the people of Bristol that al-

though the streets were thronged with thousands of people, and

considerable excitement prevailed, I did not hear an oath or pro-

fan word spoken while I was there, which speaks well for their

moral standing. Our friend Chas. S. Bates seems to be doing fine.

He is manufacturing nearly all his boots and shoes in Bristol, for

which he has a number of workmen employed, and says that al-

though he don't like Bristol politics very well, he thinks he is

permanently located and has no idea of ever seeing Cleveland

again.

I spent about three hours in Lynchburg and found in that

beautiful Mountain City of '61 but little appearance of prosper-  
ity. There are improvements go-

ing on in the western suburbs in the way of residences, but the

business portion of the city is evidently on the wane.

Owing to a bad break in the O. & A. R. R. at Bull Run, near Ma-

nasas (the old battle ground), we were till eleven o'clock Tues-

day night getting to Washington. The passengers were transferred

at the break, and as I looked back at the long column of men,

women and children winding their way through a narrow caus-

way through Bull Run Swamp, guided by the conductor's lantern,

I was forcibly reminded of a time when a column containing

perhaps less beauty, but greater in number and more uniform, and

with less light on the subject, and of which I counted one, might

have been seen winding their way over the identical same ground—

say in January, '62. On reaching the city I found accommodations at

the Centennial Hotel, and the next morning after breakfast I set

out—came in hand—to view the wonders of our Nation's Capital;

and now imagine my great joy when I had scarcely advanced

three rods before I met our three fellow-townsmen, Messrs. Steed,

Newell, and Harle—looking as smiling and city-like as you ever

saw them. Of course I joined them, and we proceeded to visit

the different places of interest. Washington is a grand city, with

her broad streets, public buildings, parks, lakes, gardens, foun-</